

THINGS NEW AND OLD.

The Old, so Wisdom saith, is better than the New Priends—size old Wine, old Books, old Days— With age do rigen into mellower time: And Time, for what he takes, full off repays True hearts a hundred fold.

So, as the years rush by, old Friend, May all bright memories of the post revive! and spen the bour is come to say "Good night," May Pages and Hope he with us to the end. Op to the fullness of unlading Light: When by the mystery of Heath shall live

Things New and Old.

-B. G. Johns in Chambers' Journal.

THE DEVIL'S SLIDE.

Travelers over the line of the Union Pacific rallroad are no doubt familiar with the curirock formations in Echo and Weber manyons, just after the road enters the territory of Utab. It would seem that here are ture had made her play ground, and out of pure sport had fashioned the rocks into all sorts of fantastic and grotesque shapes. But few, if any, are familiar with the legend which throws the glamours of the superpas-

them their sulphurously suggestive names.

I left the train at the little Mormon village of Peterson, just beyond the canyon, and seouring borses and a guide, I prepared to spend a few days trying the trout tishing for which the Weber river enjoys a local reputation. Petro, my guide, was a half breed Mexican of the Sancho Panna type, full of Indian laziness, Mexican superstition and a true Spanish love for the marvelous. He had been brought up in an old monastery, not far from the City of Mexico, and was full of tales of the hardy friars who braved the terrors of the wilderness, in order to convert the Indians, and who, if the stories be true, used to lasso them when milder persuasion

We jogged along pleasantly enough until we were well within the canyon, and I selected a grassy spot on the river bank to pitch our

"Senor, I like not this place," he said finally, as he fumbled at the cords which bound the suggrage on the pack mula. "What is the matter with the place?" I queried, as I took note of the pools and eddies in the river, and made a mental calculation as to the best place to commence my fishing the next day 'It is strange, senor, the rocks are works of witchery, and the story is not pleasant to

"Wall." I answered corelessly, as I saw a nig trout, which looked to be over a foot iong as it flashed in the sunlight, jump from priest's head and roared: a pool directly in front of me, "I guess nobody will hart you, we will build a big fire and it will keep the animals away, and the indians are all peaceable."

"It is not the Indians nor the bears I fear, senor; it is the devil."

Pshaw, the devil does not want you yet a while," I answered, laughingly, and Pedro submissively began to arrange the camp and prepare supper. I unpacked my trout rods with care, and busied myself selecting flies and rigging my tackle for the sport 1 anticipated on the morrow. I even went so far as Gate to whip the pool out of which I had seen the trout jump, but it was too inte in the day, or his troutship was suilen, and I had my labor quired. for my pains.

pipe and Pedro consuming villations eightthe coarsest straw paper, and thinking—at least I was—of how well the natural appearance was my ment question.

"St. separt it was told me by a holy priest, "St. separt it was told me by a holy priest it was told me by a holy pr stitious notions. The moon was struggling through a mass of fleecy cloud which did hide it entirely, but which made the light tremble as it shot out bright and cline through the open spaces, then was obscured by a cloud bank. The Weber river, at our feet, looked in one moment as bright as quick- the gate attest to its bright" silver, in the next it was inky black. The tremulous moonlight gave fantastic outlines faith, so I crawled into my blanket and went to the strangely staged craps, and they to steep, seemed to more with a sort of rhythmic. The t fully enough past our camp, but the dull rear—spot for the devil to choose for an interview.

of the cateract, where, a half mile below, it — Alian Forman in Pittsburg Bulletin. inshed through the rock riven Devil's Unte, made a dull monotone brothin by the shurp relp of the coyote or the cry of a small tand frightened by the prairte owl.

Pedro drew eleser to ma, and pointing to two parallel walls of rock about twenty feet apart, rising to a beight of about thirty feet and extending from the top to the bottom of the mountain, he waispered in an awe surfick voice: "The Devil's State, senor."

Then pointing to a hege monolith, shaped like an Indian club, on the opposite bill, he "That is the Dorille War Club," and he

His evident terror was beginning to make the best way to restore his mental equilibrium with the very keenest possible edge. was to interest him in some subject not conpected with our uncanny surroundings. I hunting and fishing. At last in desperation, thinking that the sound of his own voice thinking that the sound of his own voice would be regarded as a mutilation, and might reasure him and that in the interest if his story he would forget his position, I allowed him to tell me the legend which, shorn of some of Pedro's innocuracies of speech, ran as follows:

In the year 1777, when the people of the pastern part of America were lighting for independence, the Spaniards had already settled on the Pacific coast and founded sevgral missions. The fathers, with that devetion and fearlessness which has characterized the priesthood in all ages, had penetrated for inland and made many converts among the savages in the interior as early as 1724. Among the most realous and successful

was Fother Pietro del Torra, a men of great plety, and also as social and genini a com-pution us one could wish for. In the fall of 1777 Pather Pietro had crossed the Sierras and was preaching and baptizing among the Indians of Nevada and Utah. He had persed the Aikali plains of the Humboolit region and the Great Salt lake, and late one evening was walking in Weter canyon, when be came to a wall of rock which barred his resenge. He determined, however, to push m, and after leborsonsly climbing the hill be pursued his way along the top. Soon he obprvot a gentleman iressel as a Spatish exvaller of the day coming toward him. Pather Pietro was not a little surprised to see a waite man so far from civilization, and in truth, he was not sorry, for being, as we have said, of a social disposition, he felt the lack of company sorely.

miled pleasantly and remarked. "A lonely walk you are having, my son."

"It is, reverend father, but is it not like wise lonely for you, who travel day after day

"Very lonely," answered Pather Pletro. with a sigh. Then brightening up, he added.
"Let us sup together; a crust with a pleas

ant companion is better than a feast in soli-

"You are right," responded the stranger. I myself can speak knowingly of the susery of solitude. I am the proprietor of large furnaces, and I came here in search of Iu ne separated from my party, and for the last two days I have been wandering around in this vicinity; includy, I am indif-ferently well provided with food." As he

and motioned Father Pietro to take a seat opposite. He did so, and, drawing from his wallet a flask of water, a crust of black bread and an onion, he prepared to make his most His companion laughed, and, telling him to "put away that pig's food," produced from mier his cloak a loaf of fresh white bread, a flask of brandy and some jumps of sugar, and proposed to commence the supper with a health to the priest. Nothing loth, Father Pietro substituted the fresh bread and spirits for his own hard crust and water. As he did so the stranger remarked in a pitying tone:
"Poor food for a traveler, hely father; I

marvel that your brethren do not furnish Father Pietro sighed. It was poor food, the enion and black bread. And what though the brotherhood at the Mission Dolors were poor, still they were rich in the mother country, and men who worked as be did eschewed better fare. As the brandy years to his brain the deman of discontent rose

"Bread without meat is but dry eating." said the stranger, and, extending his hand beneath the stone, he drew up a pair of plump partridges, smoking bot, as from a cridiron. Father Pietro was surprised at first, but the brendy had given him a feeling of recklesmess entirely unknown to his sober So he ate and joked with his strange entertainer, and was in no way surprised when he drew a couple of bottles of wine aral over the quaintly shaped crags and gives and some delicious fruit from the same strange larder After much general conversation, in the course of which the stranger had expressed a high admiration for Father Pietro's zeal and learning, he said, carelessly

> You are well acquainted with this part of the country, I presume, reverend father."
> "I have traveled through it several years?" was the prompt answer

> "How would you like to leave the priesthood and become my agent? The work is easy, the pay is liberal, and you will be provided with a warm bome after you have For, by my faith, it pains me to my heart to see a man of your talents and learn ing working for a beggarly monastery, half dotned and worse fed. Come with me and this will all be changed."

"I could not leave the brotherhood," answered Father Pietro.

Then followed a long argument between camp for the night. Then Pedro began to them the stranger using every argument in show signs of uneasiness. his power, promising untold wealth, a life of case and the granification of every passion The good father persistently refused. At last the stranger rose, and rolling away the needs runnin out." rock, showed Pather Pietro an immense mass of gold and silver underneath, saying: "This shall be yours if you will give up your work and assist me. Do you still refuse?"

"I do," answered Father Pietro, sturdily "Then die," cried the stranger, in a rage, and grasping his staff as if for a blow suddenly grew in size until he was over sixty feet high; he swung the terrible club over the

"Will you work for me?"

"Never! The club was poised for a blow. As it came down Father Pietro grasped his crucifix and The club fell powerless, and, the evil losing all power to harm one holding the crucifix, slid down the side of the moun nin, the two walls of rock rising on each aide thrust his club into the hill opposite, rushed down the canyon and tore open that pass in the rocks which is known as "The Devil's

Pedro pansed.
"What became of Father Pietrof I in-

He at last found his way back to the Mis-After we had finished our supper we lay on sion Dolors, where he spent the remainder opposite sides of the camp fire I smoking my of his life in fasting and praying as a penence for having held communication with

who said that in the same manner was the davil accustomed to tempt us to this dayfirst by flattery, then by making us discontented than by bribes, and finally by Moreover, does not the slide, the club and

It was moless to argue with such a simple

seemed to move with a sort of rhythmic seemed to move with a sort of rhythmic seemed to move with a sort of rhythmic seemed to move put into the fish, for no art on my part could make them rise to the fly. So, "There was nothing uv the gentleman about the intense delight of Pedro, we packed up him. He possessed so little refinement that, the first was sort of rhythmic seemed to have get into the fish, for no art of the gaint stranger, "that I hain't overly him. He possessed so little refinement that, the first was sort of rhythmic seemed to have get into the fish, for no art of the first was sort of rhythmic seemed to have get into the fish, for no art of the first was sorted to have get into the fish, for no art of the first was sorted to have get into the fish, for no art of the first was sorted to have get into the fish, for no art of the first was sorted to have get into the fish, for no art of the first was sorted to have get into the fish, for no art of the first was sorted to have get into the fish, for no art of the first was sorted to have get into the fish of the first was sorted to have get into the fish of the first was sorted to have get into the fish of the first was sorted to have get into the fish of the first was sorted to have get into the fish of the first was sorted to have get into the fish of the first was sorted to have get into the fish of the first was sorted to have get into the first was among the mysterious fasures and crevices he had such a norror which, even in the

Beef for Hebrew Consumers.

There is a great deal of meat killed here for the consumption of the Jewish popuon, and the method of killing is very ent from that adopted by the Gen-The eartle are taken from the calls that by the hind legs, ropes are extended around their heads, and their mases thrown up so that their throats are exposed, and then their throats are out. operation is always performed by an of the Jewish church, who alone "That is the Davil's War Chub," and has han her the meat and prepares it for the crossed binself so vigorously and muttered market. He must be a skillful man, not so many strange prayers in a mixture of bad to may a courageous one, for it is no small matter to bandle those big cattle and cut that any reasonable field would have field in their throats. This throat custing is a terror at his incomprehensible putois. great agony, falling in a pool of blood. The instrument used is a long knife, is drawn once necess an animal's throat, sinking deep into the neck, which it sometilling must be done at one stroke.

> After the killing, the knife is cleaned After the killing, the knife is cleaned until it is absolutely spotless, and it is then wrapped in several layers of cloth and put away where no Centile hands may teach it. All this killing and dressing is done according to the laws of the Javish church established and adhered to from the immemorial. The person who performs the office is vested with the suther of the Javish church and it is for ority of the Jewish church, and it is for im to see that the beast, in every part, internal and external, is in perfect condition, else the carcass must be rejected. The meat, when cleaned and dressed, is bung up in the ordinary way, but each a candle, and then impressing it with his seal, which is then tied through a slit in the most made by another knife. Thus Jewish consumption is dressed and sealed. rejecting the hindquarter altogether.-Boston lierald.

fingland's Leathery Sandwiches. Railway refreshments in England are proverbially dear and bad, but they are certainly getting werse. The sit down meal is respectable, and the plates of eggs and cold means are estable, but the buns and sandwiches and there is, or would be. an immense bun and sandwich public) are simply atroctors. As a rule, everything under a glass cover is stale. Is it possi-ble that the great firm which contracts for so many of our railway stations can be aware of the disgraceful way in which the hand to mouth refreshments are thrown on the public? Why do not they appoint periodical inspectors, charged to taste the wayside buns, etc.? Perhaps no one can be got to do the tasting in the present state of affairs. It would be no light Anyhow, the sandwich market is

WATCH AND WAIT."

Secure in truth, we wait the day
As watchers wait the morning light;
The faire alone need dread delay,
For time will only strengthen right.
—Robert Nicoli

THE "SLOUCH."

Coyote City watched the slouching figure grow smaller and smaller in the distance, and then disappear over the crest of the "rise," a mile away. Then congratulating selves upon having got rid of an und sirable citizen, the inhabitants of the little border settlement turned away and resumed their wented avocations. Coyote City's spasm of virtue was over.

Half an hour later the matter was being discussed by a group of three around one of the tables in the Jumbo salcon. Two of the trio were familiar with all of the details of the affair, but the third member of the group was full of curiosity. Col. Anderson loved the sound of his own voice. Pierce Fanshaw rather preferred the colonel's eloquence to listening to the frantic attempts of the frag ment of an orchestra to catch a tune that ha aiready eluded them eleven separate and distinct times. Mr. Arthur Lemon, of Boston, who had come west with the intention of starting a bank, and had already made quite a heavy deposit in the pocket of Pierce Pan-shaw, professional gambler, was desirous of adding to his somewhat limited stock of information. So the subject of the recent

"running out" was thoroughly ventilated.

The colonel had been the self elected master of ceremonies, and felt elated at the success ful manner in which the programme had been executed. "Yes," he said, "it went off beantifully, beautifully! Nary hitch in the entire

"But why was he run out?" queried Mr. "W'v! Because it had become pecessary to

purge Coyote City uv andesirable personsthose who retarded instead uv promoting its prosperity, and whose presence instead uv at-tracting immigration, repelled it."
"But was he guilty of any crime! I sup-

posed such summary evictions were for per-sons engaged in nelarious practices." "So they air, an' "——
"Then why does the enforced emigration stop when the 'slouch' is run out?" W'y! Because thar's nobody else that

"It seems to me that there are still left several persons upon whom various crimes have been proven, as well as that there are yet remaining a number of saloonists, pro"stopped suddenly, as it checked by the presence of Pierce Fanshaw, professional gam-

"And professional gamblers," remarked that gentleman pleasantly, completing the sentence. "I'll tell you, my dear fellow, why we are not run out, but are left to do our sweet wills, while a more harmless person, whose only offense was being 'trifling, worthless, a 'slouch,' was given two hours in which to make himself scarce. The reason is to be found in the ancient adage that 'might makes right.' That makes us not offenders,

"But, good Heavens," exploded Col. Benderson, "your eastern idees air almost start-lin', Lemon! Might as well talk uv runnin' me out as to speak of these yere gents

"And Col. Benderson could not be readily spared," interrupted Pierce Fanshaw's cool voice. "The colonel is a boomer of the first magnitude, and talks boom and Coyote City's prosperity from morning till night." Col. Benderson leaned back in his chair and expanded his chest, like a man well

aware of his own merit.
"Thanks, Pierce, a thousand thanks, You do me mighty proud. Jim"-to a waiter"the best in the house for my friends an'

If Mr. Arthur Lemon, the "tenderfoot," detected any sarcasm in Fanshaw's laudation of Col. Benderson, he held his peace. Nor did be make any comment when Fanshaw's soft voice said, almost cooingly:

"Observe how the waiter flies to execute the commission. The colonel is one of the Jumbo's most valued patrons, far, far differ- tors, which fice Masters is me. ent from the 'slouch,' who never treated or

wished every drop of the accursed stuff was banished from the land. Them's his very words. Not only refused to enjoy himself, but wanted the personal liberties uv the milllors uv neonle in this great nation abridged, if not entirely taken from them." The colonel paused, lost in the mental con-templation of the selflences of the "slouch."

"No instincts of a gentleman about him." he continued, presently. "All slouch."
"But why was he called the 'slouch'?" ques-

tioned Arthur Lemon. "I bardly understand

success," said Pierce Fanshaw, "and many a man on the border is stigmatized as a slouch simply because he is unfortunate. And he was always on the losing side of every occa-

The conversation ceased for a while, as the fragment of an orchestra, with a great burst of triumphant sound, overtook and captured

the elusive tune.

In the mean while the shuffling footsteps of the "slouch" were widening the distance be-tween himself and unappreciative Coyote City. Bitterness rankied in his beart, and as he strode along his life rose up, a mental panorama, before him. He recalled the days of the long ago, when, full of high hopes, he had left his eastern home to find in the west the el dorado of prosperity, where fortunes were to be had for the grasping. But for-tune had not come to him; all his many cherished plans and plots had turned out empty, fortuneless bubbles, and, at last, almost giving up the straggle, he had sunk, sunk to become the "slouch," nameles—only the "slouch."

The beauties of the prairie landscape were unnoticed, as his half mechanical steps placed mile after mile behind him. He did not give a second glance to the placid sea of brown grass that stretched away on every hand, Here and there the neutral hose of the ocean separate and distinct piece must have the seal of the synagogue affixed to it. This ceremonial is performed by the slaughterer lighting a stick of sealing wax with the relighting a stick of sealing wax with his the killides held high carried and called to make the control of the seal of the synagogue of the sealing wax with the seal of the sealing wax with the killides held high carried and called to make the sealing wax with his the killides held high carried and called to be sealing wax with the seal of the synagogue of of the synagogu slit in each other in their queer, metallic, half Thus musical whoops. High above the treeless identical parcel of flesh intended for mound that sprang so unexpectedly from the the consumption is dressed and sealed, prairie floor a busserd sailed. Close at hand and it may be interesting to note here the wild verbenas bloomed in profusion, and that the Jews only use the forequarter, and the smoldering fire of their crimson rejecting the hindquarter altogether.— blossoms shone in brilliant contrast to the brown maturity of the gram. But the "slouch," hasy with his bitter and desponding thoughts, gave no heed to nature's beau-

The sun was just dropping from sight behind the distant mound when the "slouch" passed, just beyond the fence of barbed wire that surrounded the homestead "claim" of some isolated extiler.

"Mebbe he'll let me stay all night," muttered the "slouch," as he strode across the

srd, from which the stanted sod corn stalks had not yet been gathered, towards the small "shack" or shanty almost in the middle of the claim.

of the claim.

"He won't know Pen a slouch," he added, half bitterly. "I am not very widely noted."

No dogs, so common on the average claim, rushed to meet him, with suspicious growin and wagiess talls. No little army of white headed children ran bashfully to hide at the

approach of the stranger.
"Beserted, looks like," the "slouch" told d I came here in search of first 1 orded. Anyhow, the sandwich market is simply being ruined for want of a little two days I have been wandering butter, mustard and fresh bread. The two penny sandwich is a fraud—dry and two penny sandwich is a fraud—dry and two penny sandwich is a fraud—dry and test less—while the bun is altogether, and a "siouch" without co-course without co-course leathern.—Pail Mall Carette.

The wift falling twilight had alled with darkness the little room that the half open door revealed. The "slouch" knocked, for manners sake, and gave a great start as a low mean repised. The mean was repeated, and, after calling questioningly several times, he entered.

A match, hurriedly lighted, revealed the only occupant of the "shack," a gannt, feebly tossing man, who, stretched on the rude bed, seemed hardly conscious of the intruder's

"What's the matter, pardner F the "slouch" esked kindly. The other, who seemed to be conscious only in a glimmering fashion, strove feebly to answer, and as the "slouch" bent close to him there came the one word:

A cooling draught from the well near at hand seemed to revive the sick man, and as the "slouch" bent above him again be whispered hoursely:

pered hoarsely:

"Thank ye, pardner. Git! Smallpox!"
Out into the darkness the "slouch" field as if pursued by a demon. When he paused he was almost to the wire fence that surrounded the claim. He took off his battered hat and looked up at the stars, twinkling into sight, one after another. The deadly danger of the plague was only one more link to his chain of misfortunes. Perhaps if he fled he could escape it. The

man in the cabin, if left alone, would die of neglect, if not of the plague. A "siouch" could help him to battle with death just as well as the most fortunate and influentia citizen of Coyote City. The sufferer in the shanty had no claim on him, but-Then he replaced the bettered hat, and, turning about in the darkness, strode toward the open door, from which came a long, gleaming shaft of light from the candle to had lit Presently the door was shut, and

the plague. It was just such another day as the one upon which, two weeks before the "slouch" left Coyote City, that a gaunt, pale man, weary with his long tramp from the isolated claim near the lone mound, stepped just be yand the end of the one street of Coyote and shouted hoursely to a lad:

had lit Presently the door was shut, and the "slouch" and the sufferer were alone with

"Tell the big gun in the town to come The lad very properly sought Col. Bender son as the individual most worthy of the title of "big gun." That gentleman rose from a table in the Jumbo saloon, and Pierce Fanshaw and Arthur Lemon followed

"Halt, thar!" cried the stranger, when they had gotten within a hundred yards of

News flies fast in a border settlement, and quite a squad of curious ones strolled up and joined the colonel and his friends. The colonel did not need the command, but continued to advance.
"Halt, thar!" repeated the stranger

"Smallpex! You'll halt now, I recker!" he added, grimly. Not only did Col. Benderson halt, but he turned so quickly that he nearly fell on his face, and started to burry away.

"Halt, thar!" was the command. A huge revolver gleamed in the hand of the stranger, and the colonel stopped. What does this mean, sir!" he demanded rather faintly. "Who are you?"
"Name's Ike Musters," the stranger should

"Know William Hatfield?" 'Never heered uv him!" Col. Benderson answered positively.
"Hatfield was the 'slouch's' name," said Pierce Fanshaw.

"Never knowed it. Wall"-to the stranger -"what uv him?" "Nuthin," answered Do Masters, "He's dead, that's all. Don't rockon any uv yo keer none, bein's you run him out; but I jo want to say that the man you called the 'slouch' died a herof'

group about the colonel listened in awed silence as the stranger should the -- ESTABLISHED IN 1870. -story of the "slouch's" heroism and death.
"He sent you some word," Ike Masters added, as he closed the recital. "Said for m to say to you that the last effort uv the louch' wa'n't a failure, but that fer once is complished what he set out to do. What he set out to do was to save the life uv fke Mas-

The colonel, usually ready tongued, was "An' I jest want to say furder," shouted curses, what bossed the runnin' out uv the only declined, but added insult to the refusal 'slouch' will step out from the crowd, me and ole Retsy var"-tapping his huge revolver "will give 'em all the satisfac case they feel insulted when I may that ever man connected with the runnin' out uv Will-

iam Hatfield is a har an' a boss thief!" These epithets may not have been approprinte to the occasion, but they were of the kind that on the border are regarded as the

deadliest insults. "An' I just want to add," went on Ike Musters, "that my claim is on the southwest quarter uv Section Three, an' I kin allurs be found that or thurabouts, case anybody wants to take this yer matter up!"

And turning he strode across the prairie. The crowd that soon gathered in the Jumbo sulcon was less noisy than usual; they wanted to hear what Col. Benderson would say, but that gentleman did not seem inclined to

"Mebby I made a mistake," was all he "Few of us would do as the 'slouch' did," said Pierce Fanshaw. "I, for one, would not

die for anybody but myself." "There is a verse in scripture"- began Mr. Arthur Lemon, of Boston.

"And with which it will doubtless surprise you to learn that I am passably familiar," interrupted Pierce Fanshaw. "And greater love bath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends,"-Frank Les-

A Suggested Thought.

Magistrate—Thirty days, Uncle Rastus, It's disgraceful that an old man like you should get drunk! What would you think if you were to see me reeling along the street under the influence of bquor! Uncle Rastus-I would think, yo' Honah, dat yo' was babbin' a mounty fine time, an' wifout no danger ob gettin sent up for it.-

She wanted to take some lessons in archery but she was very, very verdant. "Have you a bow and a quiver?" asked the teacher. "Ye ye yes," she hesitated, "I have a bean, but I haven't a quiver any more. He's been coming for about two months now, and I'm used

to it."-Washington Critic.

The attacks upon our country might be made from the land or from the sea. Land attacks, either from the north or south attacks, either from the north or south border, are not to be greatly feared; for, as we could easily bring into the field our full strength, we would, in such event, have decidedly the advantage over an ap-proaching enemy. Attacks from the sea, that is, form the Gulf of Maxico, or from either comen, would be almed at our cities on the scaboard, or at those within easy reach near the mouths of large navigable streams also at stable harbors, imporreach hear the mounts. The interpers teams also at sixable harbors, important depots coal mines near the shore line, and navy yards. The enemy's navy would strike our merchant marine wherever found, and would, of course, if strong enough, endeavor to defeat and destroy our navy afoat. -American Mag-

Stranger—Are you the superintencems of the street car lines! "Yes, sir."
"I would like to sell you a horse."

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The Accumulation of Manuscripts. Now, it will hardly be said that there are not more than two hundred and fifty

by their pens. I do not know the ex be surprised to learn that there were at least twenty times as many. And what becomes of all the work that these people produce? A great deal is taken up by the cheap and obscure magazines, by the weekly story papers, and by the daily papers which are reached by the comparatively new "syndiente" system. But all these are not enough; and yet these are all there are. There still remain thou-sends of writers who have no vehicle for their productions, even when these are such as the editors of the magazines and

papers would like to print. Every editor will tell you (and tell you truly, in spite of the skepticism of many of the rejected) that what is offered would he gindly accepted, were not the number of accepted and paid for contributions already in excess of what the magazine can ever hope to use. The Century and Harper's, for example, have in their draw ers MSS, enough to fill at least two years' issue; many of these MSS, have been kept issue; immy of these MSS have been kept five years; some longer yet; occasionally they will return a paid for contribution to the author of it, with permission to sell it again. It might even occur that a magazine would accept a first rate article scarcely expecting to be able to use it, but in order to prevent a rival from publishing it. I cannot sesert that this has been done, but it is by no means impossible.
What is true of the great magazines is true in proportion of the lesser ones. The supply exceeds the demand; and if no anthor were to write a line from new until 1881, the periodicals would still have barely exhausted their over abundant surplus.-Julian Hawthorne in Belford's.

Old Emperor William's Love Affair. Old Emperor William's Love Amair.

This stern conqueror's spirit was once, however, overeast with deep melancholy. A woman's love vanquished him, a passion that exercised a great infinence over his future history and life. This was in perfect harmony with the esthetical laws of contrast and with the more human laws of contrast and with laws of contrast and lovely Eliza Radziwill, enamored him to such an extent that he finally resolved to such an extent that he limitly resolved to marry below his rank. This project crossed great scandal. The old countiers and the old royalists considered it an act of rebellion and an outrage against the ancient privileges of monarchical govern-ment. But some there were who found ment. But some there were who found in the quarterings of this lady ancient titles of nobility and in her genealogy pure hime blood, of the genuineness of whose bineness abundant proof existed. This marriage, nevertheless, would have been undenbtedly a "messiliance," and Prince Wilhim would have lost all right to the throne of his fathers. William's younger brother, Cheries, declared that he would chaim for his own some the right to succeed to the throne instead of the

heart. - Foreign Cor. Boston Transcript.

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he would claim for his own sons the right to succeed to the threns instead of the suns of his claim brother. This bold threat decided William to relinquish all idea of wedding the woman he looped in order to choose one of his awa rank. Thus he married Augusta, stracess of Weimar. This disappointment increased the warlike inclinations of a wounded heart. Westign Cor Restor Turneries.

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